

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FEBRUARY, 1931

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MY PROVINCE

With Hector did I fall before the Greek,
And with Aeneas rose again at Rome:
The halls of Dis with Dante did I seek;
Great Milton brought me back to earth and home;
The skies I coursed with Phaethon in his car;
With Galahad in tournament I vied;
I walked with Goldsmith 'neath the Temple Bar;
Then saw young Romeo seek out a bride.

Yet never have I dared to sound the deep,
Or ventured out along the winding road.
How then, in step with these men can I keep?
To this I say that books are my abode;
Hence no wide stretch of sea or span of time
Can hold me pris'ner to an age or clime.

Robert Nieset '32

MARTHA'S MOTIVE

Born with a feeble, sickly mind near a small country town, Martha, as she was growing up, was subjected to many of the "refined" cruelties that are usually practiced on the helpless by well-meaning wisecrackers. Anyone who has ever lived in a small rural community knows to what ugly jibes and jeers the feeble-minded are commonly exposed. Because nature had been unkind to Martha in the distribution of wit, she found herself compelled to run the gauntlet to its fullest length in the matter of taking insults without ever being able to offer the slightest defence. Even her acquaintances said that she was "cracked," and her parents regretfully admitted that she was at least a little queer.

The one idea that fixed itself in poor Martha's mind as she grew up was that a minion of old Beelzebub had been commissioned to shadow her in the walk of life, and no other concept in her religious makeup could rid her of this haunting obsession. Excuses she always found in plenty for her wrongdoing by charging the guilt to the "evil one"—a queer attitude on her part which precluded anything like improvement in personal conduct.

When Martha was in her late teens, romance touched her life. She acquired a lover, a bachelor farmer of rugged and rude ways who wooed and won her. After the wedding, for which her husband did not even go to the trouble of buying the usual ring, Martha was taken to a lonely, dreary farm estate where she soon became a mere household drudge. "She is the only woman in Banedale who must slop the hogs," said her neighbors.

It was but natural that a chasm of social inferiority, deep and wide, should come to separate

Martha from her neighboring women whose husbands "slopped the hogs." To the city-bred, feeding the hogs may seem a small, an almost humorous thing, but out in the rural sections, where life is less sophisticated and more elemental, this chore looms up big and important on the horizon of everyday life. But no matter how big in value or how important to farming, the chore was regarded as degrading by the women who lived in Martha's neighborhood, and, one by one, they began to withdraw from associating with her. Of course she grew lonesome, and in her own eyes it was the "evil one" and not her queer self that caused her to be friendless. Gradually she became vexed and irritable.

One day her husband died—a victim of poisoning. Martha was now left with the farm and four small children whom she loved with all the tenderness that a mother might show. The funeral of her husband was an extraordinary event in her life. There was music even if doleful, and there were flowers even if wild. From all sides gathered the usual number of sob sisters who love to hover about the homes of the bereaved to offer consolation and to mingle their sobs with those of the mourners. From a point of interest, nothing in Martha's life had surpassed the funeral of her husband. That she was now a widowed mother seemingly did not make any difference in her life.

For her morbid mind funerals now began to have an attraction similar to the joy and delight other people find in dancing and merrymaking. Dressed in mourner's weeds, Martha, gaunt and toil-worn, would attend every funeral within reach of means and distance. Her sobs and lamentations would always rise above the smothered weeping of those who had really suffered loss by death. Lamenting and weep-

ing came to be a real joy for her. At the slightest provocation she would burst into tears. Her weeping was not the dry, choking sobs of the truly grief-stricken, but was more like the free flood of tears that comes easily to those afflicted by the idiosyncrasy of self-pity.

As years passed, another suitor appeared on the scene of Martha's life. Her wooer at this time was the hired hand of a neighboring farmer. For many months he called upon her regularly of Sunday evenings. But just at the time when prospects of happiness seemed to dangle within her reach, labor scarcity compelled this hired hand to look elsewhere for work, and the search for employment carried him completely out of her life. What had been bright prospects before, now turned to drab disappointment, and Martha once more started on her round of attending funerals.

The sudden disappearance of her recent lover furnished new material for wisecracking on the part of the poor widow's neighbors. They were not in the least particular if any of their bandying reached her ears or not, for, as it is instinctive in most people, so it was with these neighbors, namely, they loved gossip more than friendship. One among them, John Staley, who was a cousin to Martha's late husband, proved to be particularly vexing to her by his unremitted teasing. As people generally will hate those who hurt them, so Martha now began to hate John Staley. How to take revenge on him soon began to occupy her mind. She hit upon a plan and nursed it in her semi-deranged mind until it became the one uppermost idea that she could entertain.

It so happened that John Staley's wife frequently hired Martha to help her in the kitchen when occasion required much preparing of meals, and the work of

cooking became heavy. Since Martha was large and strong in body these deviations from her dull, routine existence gave her much pleasure. Mrs. Staley, taking note of this fact, sought every opportunity to give her neighbor a chance for diversion and enjoyment. As a big dinner was to be given at the Staley home to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Staley, Martha accordingly was asked to give assistance in the kitchen.

With more than usual pride the widow put in her appearance and worked with a zest that showed remarkable interest in all that she was doing. She was evidently happy in giving her help, and even showed more settled common sense than was usual with her. Not only in work, but also in the merriment that followed upon the big dinner, did she show a self-possession and an uncanny intelligence that surprised all who were present. Then suddenly some one became ill and that violently so. Before the doctor could arrive, death set in, only to be followed by illness and death of several others in spite of all the doctor might do to save them. Among the dead lay John Staley. The doctor pronounced the illness and death to be due to arsenious poisoning. Fear and consternation now reigned in the household in the place of laughter and merriment. As the dead were buried, Martha was present at the funeral of each, loudly moaning and sobbing. It was noticed by all present at the several funerals that she was getting as much pleasure out of mourning as she ever got out of work. This was especially evident when at the funeral of John Staley her lamentations appeared to be more a mockery than a sign of sincere grief.

The work of investigating the cause of poisoning was begun. It quickly simmered down to the fact that all who had drunk coffee at the big dinner had be-

come ill and died. The coffee contained arsenic, but who had put it there? All were baffled at this question, excepting the county sheriff, who strongly suspected Martha in consequence of her queer conduct particularly at the funeral of John Staley. He arranged to come to the Staley home a week later when Martha should again be invited to be present. At the time appointed the sheriff came and found Martha working in the kitchen. Without saying a word to her, he began making notes. Several times she stood aghast, looking at the sheriff with bulging eyes and open mouth. Suddenly with a shriek she cast herself on a seat across the kitchen opposite to the sheriff. Turning towards her, the sheriff saw that she was staring wild-eyed in a fit of fainting paleness at the water bucket standing on the kitchen sink. As he spoke to her, she screamed, "I did it! I did it! I threw poison in the water bucket! The 'evil one' made me do it! Take me away!"

As she requested, the sheriff took her away. Court proceedings were brief, for Martha did not hesitate to describe her doings and motives in detail. Her freakish mentality manifested itself over and over in the answers she gave to the questions put to her. When questioned in particular as to her motive in taking the life of John Staley, her drawn face almost took on a smile. That he had been teasing her; that he hurt her feelings, and that in consequence "the evil one" made her do it constituted the substance of the charge she advanced against him. His funeral had plainly been a source of pleasure for her, as she unhesitatingly indicated. That others might lose their lives in her plan for revenge on one did not even enter her calculations, but she admitted that their funerals were severally occasions for real enjoyment.

Today Martha's home is the State Reformatory where she is as happy as she ever was on the farm. Her children, her former life, and her deeds of mischief have no place in her memory. The one desire she still entertains is to attend funerals.

C. G. Bihn '31

PURIFICATION

Mary,
Thou wert a maid, a holy, spotless flower;
Angels bowed in awe —
Thy soul they saw
More beauteous than Eve's in Eden bower,
Ere Lucifer in her destroyed the grace of God.

Mary,
Though clad in mighty robes of queenly power;
Thou art serenely fair,
None can compare
With thee on whom God sent that golden shower
Which brought with it the royal Motherhood divine.

Mary,
The scepter of thy might makes evil cower;
Unsought it came to thee;
This gift from God,
An everlasting seal of sacred dower
Which nor tears nor Calv'ry's Holy Rood could break.

Mary,
Why should'st thou who wert the purest Mother,
The chosen one of God
From stain all free;
Through whom Christ came to be of man a brother,
From taint, now seek thy sinless soul to purify?

Leonard Rancilio '31

ON THE TOP SHELF

Whether it be due to some species of instinct that makes them admire size, or whether it be due to the impression made by power, boys are normally known to be hero worshippers. Whatever may be the cause of this tendency in boyhood is of little consequence. The tendency is present in all normal lads and has a very definite worth for it induces them, in spite of occasional ridicule and mockery, to strive to match up to some great personage, be he real or merely ideal. Furthermore, this worshipful attitude towards some chosen hero leads the normal youngster to seek knowledge and cultivate aspirations that will go far towards keeping him out of mischief and will fill his mind with aims and purposes of practical value even in the early days of youth.

The realm from which he draws his hero, be it one or several, is usually romance which quickens his lively imagination, or if he be endowed with only inferior wit, there is the world of men of affairs from which he can select his idol. At any rate the chosen hero comes to be subject, theme, and title of the mental book which the boy produces in his own imagination, and which, if it were a real work of print and paper, would occupy the top shelf in any library of books that might come into his possession.

For by far the most boys, however, the task of assembling the ideas that shall make up this mental volume of hero worship will be an easy one providing their Dads are of that caliber of mind and body as will permit them to be idolized. Here filial reverence helps to pave the way. It is the father of the family who provides a home; procures the necessities for living, and offers the chances for getting an education. In general, boys appreciate

these advantages, for they early begin to note the sacrifices which these matters entail. That they should love and admire their fathers for this display of unselfishness and devotion is plainly to be expected, and if fathers, outside of meeting their duties, prove to be whole-souled and real men, the chances for becoming heroes in the minds of their boys lie close at hand. No wonder then that in such cases small boys are often seen trying to make good the superiority of their fathers over all others by use of heated argument. They may not realize the significance of their attitude, but they feel that their fathers are the "biggest men" that can be found in the world, and they are ready to show good cause for the admiration that impells them to speak and act.

How fortunate then is not the individual lad who finds the interests of his father according to his personal liking. In such a case, heroes may stalk in long parade through the pages of romantic stories; they may hold the title roles in moving pictures; they may stand on platforms before applauding audiences, and yet they cannot equal Dad, who, in the mind of his boy, easily "outheroes" anybody in the entire bunch. Whatever savors of good sportsmanship, be it hunting, fishing, or washing the family car, if only Dad will show himself tactful in giving instructions and will take the lead, his boy will repay him with gratitude and helpfulness.

But in order to aid his boy in the completion of the mental book of paternal hero worship, the father will have to condescend to joining hands with him in plain sport activities. Great courage in sacrifice and splendid example in labor will have a telling effect upon his boy, but if the father will play a game of ball or will enter upon a round of playful boxing—no, not the kind that implies punishment—

then his boy's enthusiasm and love of him is liable to wax boundless. Such a boy will consider his father as being a real 'fellow', and why shouldn't he? Any Dad who shows this kind of deep interest in his boy cannot fail to be the hero whose worship makes up every item in that book which, if the boy had it in written form, would surely hold its place on the top shelf in any collection of books in his possession.

Another aid in stimulating admiration for Dad, though it is not of the pleasurable sort aforementioned, is an evident attempt on his part to direct and encourage the ambitions that his boy displays. A boy is prone to regard the world as an unlimited pasture in which he may gambol about at will much like a healthy, lively colt which has nothing to do besides enjoying the fun of existing. Like the colt he hates the harness and the curbing reins; he hates to pull burdensome loads over life's rough ways. Being inexperienced, he pictures great achievements as easily attainable, and when he meets with reverses in his hopes, then and there is where Dad must come in. How much a placid look and an encouraging word coming from Dad will do for a boy when he feels all flustered and muddled up because of failure, only those can know who have had experience. Of course it is in school work, where setbacks come at unexpected times, that encouragement from Dad will deliver the necessary punch and vigor to accomplish the required tasks. There is hardly a boy who will not make progress in school, and that with delight, if only his father will intrigue with him in solving difficulties, and will, as the "big man," or hero in the boy's mind, show with what ease he can overthrow obstacles and over-ride all barriers that at first looked to be insurmountable and threateningly full of trouble. Good old Dad, by means of this kind,

secures a place in the mind and heart of his boy that will be for him of greater worth than a statue in any temple of fame.

But what with playing the hero for the benefit of his boy the father may accomplish will be much augmented in adolescent years by thoughtful, paternal counsels and wise admonitions. How often has it not been proved that a boy who learned to follow his Father's advice has saved himself much trouble that otherwise would have been inevitable. Through admonitions and even reprehensions, well meant and well directed, the father's character early reveals itself to his boy with the result that confidence is inspired to a measure that will serve to increase all admiration previously excited by playing the hero. If plain Dad knows how to master himself, his admonitions and corrections will master his boy. If the boy perceives that his father stands for the right, he will soon learn to go to him for advice and suggestions in difficulties. Thus a father comes to be a model which his boy finds suitable for imitation, and the first rank for him among men whom his boy meets, and the position of hero in the mental book which his boy has conceived in his imagination, and to which he would assign the "top shelf" among all books in his possession, are secure for him beyond any dispute.

It is reported that on occasion of graduation the question was put to a large class of university students, "What man do you most admire?" The response was simple for all those who had fathers who had made a wholesome impression on the minds of their boys.

Kenneth Hurlow '33

MISS PATRICIA'S VALENTINE

Miss Patricia Wicks rubbed her cold hands together in a fruitless attempt to make them warm, and peered cautiously from the door of her little shop. In the deserted street, not a soul was visible. The gentle spinster shivered as she drew her shawl more closely about her thin shoulders, for February was in an angry mood, and a storm raged over the countryside.

Who would want to buy elegant straw hats and fancy bonnets in such weather? And to think that it was Valentine's Day, too!

Putting on the kettle and drawing the table nearer to the fire, Miss Patricia set out the solitary cup and saucer, and cut a few thin slices of a delicious loaf of nut bread.

"Do you know, Zebe," she observed to the cat that lay blinking sleepily before the stove, "I wish I'd get a Valentine today."

She knew very well that she wouldn't but there was no harm in wishing for one. The deadly monotony of her life seemed sometimes unbearable. Usually she was cheerful and full of zest for her simple duties, but today—today she knew she would have to struggle!

When her simple meal was done, she made her way to the best room upstairs. In the doorway she paused a moment to view the big, unwieldy furniture with which her parents had set up housekeeping some fifty years before; the flowers cushioned in their glass tombs; the highly colored pictures that adorned the walls. Slowly she crossed to the little spinet desk from which she drew forth a package of carefully treasured valentines. The tinge of romance en-

veloped them; an air of delightful secrecy clung to them.

Once, when she was a shy, darkeyed girl, two men had wooed Miss Patricia, but destiny, in the person of an invalid mother and a strict, Puritanical father, had proved too strong for the gentle maid. The handsome lovers had been sternly dismissed before she really knew which was the favored suitor.

One had married, shortly afterward, out of pique, it was whispered, his bride being an ill-favored farmer's daughter. The other, curiously enough, was Miss Patricia's next door neighbor, Andrew Milkin, who owned the flourishing, general store of the village, and dealt in everything from babies' rattles to groceries. Living entirely alone, he was reported to be a woman-hater, for none of the women of the town had ever been known to pay him a friendly visit. He was pleasant to his customers, but it was plainly to be seen that he wished his dealings with women to be entirely business-like.

Andrew Milkin and Miss Patricia were perfectly aware of what the past might have held for them; but that was gone and regrets were vain. They had got over such "foolishness" long ago. And so it was neither vulgar curiosity, nor admiration, nor sickly sentiment that caused Miss Patricia to be interested in her one-time lover. It was merely that there was no one else, with the exception of her customers, to occupy her attention.

The tinkle of her shop bell sent Miss Patricia scurrying to her post.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin," she said, as she recognized a wealthy farmer of the vicinity. "Terrible weather we're having! What can I do for you to-day?"

Adam Martin smiled somewhat sheepishly, while he shook the snow off the cape of his coat.

"I want ye to pick oot a bunnet for the mistress, Miss Patricia. She must hae it nae later than the fowerteenth."

The little milliner beamed.

"Why, that's today! Oh, I see. You want it as a valentine for your wife."

"Yes," grinned the farmer, growing confidential. "The fack is, Miss Patricia, me an' the mistress haed a kind o' cast-oot. We've been yokit thegither this thirty year, an' it's the first time I've giv'er a valentine. A bunnet'll hae mair effeck than a handfu' o' lace paper wi' a verse on't, says I. Pick oot the biggest bunnet ye kin find, Miss Patricia, an' I'll call for't as I'm ridin' home."

The door closed noisily upon his retreating figure, and, highly elated with her unexpected order, Miss Patricia looked over the contents of her show case critically. She set to work in earnest, and was getting on very well with her triumph of the milliner's art, until she ran out of thread. There was nothing to do but to invade dear old Andrew's premises, and purchase the necessary spool.

The small, untidy shop was rarely empty, being the favorite haunt of the village gossips. As Miss Patricia entered, she saw Andrew at the farther end of the store, where a group of overgrown boys and silly girls whispered and giggled over a display of valentines.

Always a bit retiring, Miss Patricia halted beside a sack of rosy apples, and coughed primly to let Andrew know of her presence. Two or three of the youthful loiterers looked up as the friendly shopkeeper made his way toward the demure, shawled figure, and Tom Jones, the village roustabout, re-

marked audibly: "I'll bet nobody'll send old maid Wicks a valentine."

The words went through Miss Patricia like a knife! Was she old? Not really! Did people speak of her like that? She drew in her breath sharply and made a brave attempt at a smile, but Andrew had seen. He understood.

"Them durn youngones!" he told himself fiercely. "She heard 'em, and it hurt. I've seen the time when Patricia Wicks was the pertest girl in this town! Nobody's got a right to talk about her that way, and nobody's going to!"

Outwardly he was pleasant, as he handed Miss Patricia her spool of thread, and inquired about Zebe.

When his gentle neighbor had gone, Andrew sauntered up to his giggling group of customers.

"Kids," he spoke easily, "You hadn't ought to have talked so loud. Miss Patricia heard you. She may be old now, but I kin remember when she was like you"—pointing to a rosy-cheeked girl.

His sudden seriousness sobered the group for a moment. Then they were lost again in the all-absorbing valentines.

During the afternoon the words of that thoughtless boy kept running through Andrew Milkin's mind; "I bet nobody'll send old maid Wicks a valentine. I bet nobody'll send"—. It had all seemed so cruel! And Miss Patricia had heard!

At length he made a great resolution. He walked over to the counter, deliberately chose the prettiest valentine, placed it in an envelope, and hurriedly scribbling the address, stepped over to the postoffice.

As he dropped the envelope into the box, a strange feeling of guilt crept over him. At his age—to be sending a valentine! Ridiculous! If he had had the courage, he would have requested the attendant to restore to him the fateful bit of lace. But no one must know of his guilt, no one!

Suddenly he straightened his shoulders. His eyes became steel blue.

“I bet nobody’ll send——”

In spite of the horrid thought, he smiled.

“She’ll know my writin’, but”——he spoke recklessly——“I don’t care!”

—Jos. Pastorek ’31.

FAITH

I seek the footsteps left by Him,
Who erstwhile trod our golden sand;
With heart that pains, with eyes all dim,
I seek to find Him in our land.
Yet if His footprints light may be,
I am not sad, as from afar,
A beacon shines that calls to me:
“Praise Him,”—I know this guiding star.

Oh star of Faith do ever shine,
And to the pilgrim point the way!
You’re like the ever greening pine
That spreads fair cheer on winter’s day.
Be thou, bright star, a shining flame;
A light to all that love His name.

Jos. N. Wittkofski ’32

THE GRAIL IN AMERICAN LETTERS

Of all the Christian romances which are the joy of youthful readers, and which likewise appeal unceasingly to children of a larger growth, there is certainly none which has been more popular than the great cycle of Arthurian legends. Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival" and "Titurel," Hartmann von Aue's romantic tales, Malory's noble prose version of "Morte d' Arthur," Tennyson's chivalrous "Idylls of the King"—all have delighted countless generations and have inspired two of America's greatest poets, James R. Lowell and Edwin A. Robinson, to invest them in a new garb of modernity. The treatment of the Round Table legends by these two poets as compared to that adopted by Malory and the older writers reveals striking discrepancies in the central theme—as often happens with modern re-interpretations of classic myths.

The keynote of Wolfram's and Malory's romances—romances which are, despite many digressions, true epics—is the legend of the quest for the Holy Grail. Primarily for the purpose of finding the Grail, Merlin founded the Round Table of Knights; and throughout all older works, the search for the Grail is treated as the solstice of glorious manhood, as the summit of earthly desire. But in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" is found a wide departure from this traditional version of the Arthurian cycle. Sir Launfal, the hero, rides forth only to exhibit Lowell's moral lesson on charity, and not to acquire that great spiritual prize which was the goal of the heroes as portrayed by his predecessors. In Robinson, on the other hand, is expressed a rather new, though at times Tennysonian, interpretation. His "Merlin" paints a vast picture of a falling world, of an older order breaking down, giv-

ing place to a new—just what he saw in present-day life. The poem itself is pre-eminently a work of beauty. His “Launcelot,” however, is a true love story, with little regard for the Grail legend as such.

The poems of these Americans, like those of Tennyson (for even he “nods”), suffer, too, from a defect of clearness of conception, and in their pages the Grail itself, in as far as it is treated at all, has become alien to the ideal of the earlier chroniclers. In American letters the reward which to Malory and his heroes was the crown of earthly achievement has really faded into a mere vision.

It is impossible not to wonder at another striking divergence on their part from the older form of the legend, a change which is much more manifest in Lowell's work than in Robinson's. Why, it may be asked, did Lowell, in handling the Grail legend, introduce a new aim—that of charity? The answer can hardly fail to occur to any reader who is aware of the origin and meaning of the story which forms the basis of the poem.

As is known to every student of that fascinating, because most spiritual, of mediaeval legends, that traditions relating to the Holy Grail, however great the deviations in minor details, are all centered on one point—the nature of the Grail itself. The Grail is the vessel into which our Lord's Precious Blood was gathered and which He used at the Last Supper. Around this concept swarmed a great number of lesser traditions, but all the same in this that they indicated a most steadfast belief in the doctrine of the Real Presence. To the worldly minded this belief is nothing short of superstition; but to the Christian it is perfectly intelligible. It is thus the natural conclusion that Lowell's failure, in dealing with the Grail quest, to rise to the crest of his subject was due, not to

any lack of moral insight on his part, but to his rejection of that doctrine out of which this most beautiful of mediaeval myths derived its sublimity and attraction. For the very root and heart of the legend of the quest for the Grail, is the dogma of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist. Eliminate this belief, and the story sinks at once from its high position of mystic beauty to the level of mere ordinary romance.

Now Robinson, although he has failed in giving a precise and true interpretation of the legend, has, in this one respect, approached very near to the ancient, Christian meaning:

"They all saw Something."

In that sentence of "Merlin" he struck the chord of the Grail legend; a chord which has led him to a rendering of the story as incomparably superior to that of Lowell's (aye, even Tennyson's), as is his own fanciful expression to Malory's prose. Just as Lowell may be compared to Tennyson in his rejection of the fundamental point in these romances, so by the same token Robinson may be compared to Malory or Wolfram in his romantic, yet spiritual treatment of the legend. Both "Merlin" and "Launcelot" are true romances, and the "Light" seems to shine through their pages in much of its former significance and brilliance. It would be difficult to judge whether Robinson unwittingly or consciously struck the correct note of the Grail legend; or whether, indeed, the appearance of sincerity is his genuine thought. Tennyson would be bewildered and helpless before the intensity of "Merlin" and "Launcelot," as here outlined, for in truth, there is nothing of Tennyson in them.

Finally, it may be asked whether American liter-

ature, in celebrating the Blessed Eucharist, has made any memorable success, or has achieved any great advance since the days of Wolfram, Aue, Malory, or Tennyson. The reply may be in the positive or negative, depending upon the viewpoint of the critic. Robinson's poems exhibit a step toward success. They will eventually rank high in the annals of American literature—certainly, very high in those of the Grail legend.

Lowell's work, though quite mundane in aspect, has also advanced a step, but not towards promoting the cult of the Blessed Sacrament. Here again, however, can be seen the working of providential compensation; for in the present day, more than ever before, reality has come to the rescue of literature and history and has taken up the fulfillment of the Grail legend. Within the last half-century, Christianity seems to have bestirred itself to build up a new chivalry of the Holy Grail—a true knighthood of the Blessed Sacrament. Fervent and wide-spread adorations, reparations, communions, and congresses gather around the Eucharist, and astonish even the most skeptical beholders. All this is well—it is of divine doing. “So may truth excel fiction; and God's realities surpass the bubbles of man's imagination.”

Raphael H. Gross '32

LATIN HYMNODY

The great day of Latin literature has passed, but the renowned “lingua Romana” of centuries ago still lives on to the present as the world-wide language of the ancestral Catholic Church. It was in this time-honored language that many of the masterpieces, not only of pagan, but also of Christian literature, were written. One need but to mention the names of the

great writers; Augustine, Tertullian, Hilary of Poitiers, Ambrose, Jerome, and Thomas Aquinas, and before one's eyes will rise their great works—everlasting monuments to the undying power of the “*lingua Romana*.” The fame of Christian literature rests not only on its prose selections, but also upon its poetical works. It is under this heading of poetry, then, that one finds collected the hymns and chants of the Catholic Church. These hymns form a long connecting link between the beginning of Christianity and the Church of modern times.

From the fact that hymns are to be found in the literature of nearly every religion, it is evident that they form a natural and spontaneous medium of divine worship, hence it is but normal that they should be found in the very extensive literature of the Catholic Church. Although hymns have formed a part of divine services in different religions, it is only in the Hebrew and Christian worship that hymns have been used as a constant and integral part of Divine Worship. In a fragment preserved from Caius one finds the statement “hymning Christ, the Word of God, as God.” Again Tertullian in his description of the “*Agapae*” or “love feasts” mentions hymns. In another early record, a description of services among early Christians contains the statement that “they sang hymns to Christ.” It is clearly evident from this fact that even in the very beginning, hymns formed an important item in Christian liturgy. One cannot, however, gather definite information from these primitive literary sources as to whether these “hymns to Christ” were hymns in our accepted sense of the word, or merely psalms put to song. Beyond doubt, however, the truth is that the new Christian feeling found expression in hymns of a simple nature addressed to Christ; and it was out of this medium

of poetic expression that Christian Hymnody evolved.

St. Augustine in speaking of the hymns of the Church says, "Know ye what a hymn is? It is a song with praise of God." Originally the hymn was intended only for singing, but the development of this form of poetry soon led to oral recitation of these hymns and their private use as silent prayers. Very early religious poems arose which were conceived and written only for private devotion without ever having been sung, although they were genuine lyrical and emotional productions and were counted under the head of hymnody. Consequently the term "song" as used by St. Augustine is not limited to poems which are really sung and set to melodies, but it applies as well to every religious lyrical hymn which can be sung or set to music.

Latin hymnody is divided into two parts: liturgical and non-liturgical. The former class is again divided into two sections: the hymns used in the sacrificial liturgy of the church and as such have a place in the Missal and Gradual, and the hymns belonging to the liturgy of canonical prayer and having a place in the Breviary or Antiphonary. Without a doubt the most important of these religious hymns are those in use in the liturgy of the Church, either as parts of the Missal or Breviary.

It was not until the latter half of the fourth century, in the days of two illustrious doctors of the Church, Ss. Hilary and Ambrose, however, that the Church fully realized the valuable contribution that hymns would make toward the ennobling of her literature. Consequently she encouraged Christian poets in the work of composing these sacred songs. Baumgartner in his "Geschichte der Weltliteratur" says, "In this religious poetry the entire Church co-operated, popes, kings, cardinals, bishops, the bright-

est lights of science, influential statesmen and ambassadors, humble monks and simple schoolmasters—. The versatility of religious culture, the harmony of mental life with the life of feeling lent to religious poetry that richness and depth, that fullness and fervor which irresistibly attracted even unbelievers." Thus we can see why it is that the Latin hymns have played such an important part in the history of Catholic literature.

To St. Ambrose, the great bishop of Milan, is to be ascribed the honor of being the founder of Latin hymnody, and of introducing Christian metrical hymns into the Western Church. Soon after the introduction of metrical hymnody into the West, a great variety of meters was used in the composition of hymns. About the beginning of the tenth century, the classic principle of quantity was abandoned in favor of the metrical accent, that is to say, a style consisting of regular lines containing an equal number of syllables and often carefully rhymed, but governed as to their rhythm by accent rather than by quantity, and therefore at variance with the laws of Classical prosody.

Many of the fine mediaeval hymns are written in something like five varieties of simple yet beautiful, accentual meter. To these hymns belong the ones intended to be sung during the Mass after the Gradual and Tract. Hymns of this kind are popularly known as "Sequences." This name owes its origin to the position which the hymn holds in the Mass. It appears as the continuation of a series of verses and antiphons, interposed between the Epistle and the Gospel. The Sequence was introduced into the liturgy about the latter part of the ninth century and reached its zenith in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries when the "Dies Irae" and the "Lauda Sion"

were composed. At the council of Trent in 1545 the number of Sequences was limited to five. These remaining five hold very important places in the Masses in which they are used, as well as in the history of Ecclesiastical music.

The Sequences, however, are not the only hymns that have found their way into the Missal and Gradual. Besides the Sequences are found many processional hymns, that is, hymns which are sung during liturgical processions. These hymns are metrical compositions of the kind first written by St. Ambrose. In the Breviary there is also a great number of hymns, a special one being assigned to each of the canonical hours. These hymns like the processional hymns, are written in the metrical form. In 1632 Pope Urban VIII, a Humanist pope, authorized many changes in the ninety-eight of these verse-prayers used in the Breviary. The Humanists abominated the rhythmical poetry of the Middle Ages from an exaggerated enthusiasm for the ancient classical forms and meters. Consequently in the revision of the hymns of the Breviary, the rhythmical mediaeval hymns were forced into the more classical forms by means of the so-called corrections.

Hymns of a lighter nature than those of the Breviary and Missal are also found in the literature of the Church. These hymns, called Carols, have been sung during past ages between the scenes of the Ancient Miracle and Mystery plays, which hold so conspicuous a place in Mediaeval literature. Many of these hymns, especially those setting forth the glad tidings commemorated at Christmas-tide, such as the "Adeste Fideles," have become extremely popular, and have secured a firm hold in the affection of learned and unlearned alike.

The Hymnody of the Middle Ages with its great

wealth of Hymns and Sequences is not only a historical monument which bears witness to the artistic skill, the joyful singing and deep religious life of our forefathers, but also an indication of the splendid literary tastes that prevailed among people in those now far distant, but romantic days. For a long time it lay neglected because of the exceptional honor paid to the ancient classics of Greece and Rome, but in later times it was again taken up, better understood, and more thoroughly appreciated.

By no means unstinted is the praise accorded to the ecclesiastical hymns by Herder, the renowned non-Catholic critic of literature: "In all the hymns there is a wave of enthusiasm, a lyric fullness and a loud tone of jubilation. If we did not know it, we should feel with compelling force that such an array of hymns is not the work of an individual author, but the harvest of nations and centuries gathered from various climes and amid the most diversified circumstances and situations of life. Those sacred hymns, centuries old, and yet ever new and fresh in the impression they produce, have indeed been the benefactors of poor humanity. They entered with the hermit into his cell, they followed the downcast into his troubles, into distress and to the grave. While he sang them, he forgot his cares. The wearied and saddened spirit was given wings to raise itself to another world into the realm of celestial joys. Heartened anew he returned to earth, continued his struggles, suffered, endured, quietly toiled and conquered. Is there ought that can measure itself with the merits, the effectiveness of these songs?"

Lawrence J. Ernst '32

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. —Samuel Johnson

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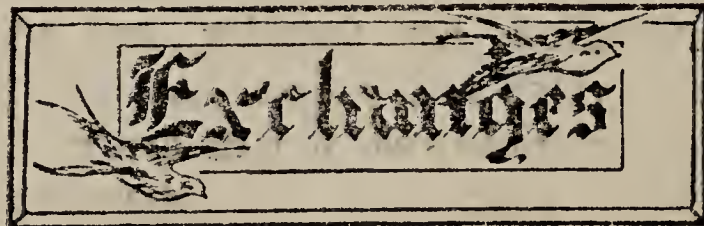


"Patriotism," to use the words of Archbishop Ireland, "is love of country, and loyalty to its weal and woe—love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumphs." From the earliest ages of the separation of the world into various nations and governments the human race has always worshipped at the shrine of her patriots. Patriotism is an inborn characteristic of man, and to take it away from him would be to deprive him of a source of inspiration and devotion which is fathomless. In the deeds of the country's patriots the poet finds the inspiration for his most touching sonnets, and the orator an appealing subject which is of undying interest to his listeners.

For Americans, the month of February is significant for its power to awaken in the hearts of all a renewed and patriotic zeal. It is during this month that the birthdays of two of America's outstanding patriotic presidents are celebrated; that of George Washington, her founder, and of Abraham Lincoln, her saviour and preserver. Throughout the pages of history these two names are mentioned often, and always with that true devotion which is characteristic of American patriotism. The undying gratitude and thankfulness of the American people to the founder and to the preserver of American freedom is partially expressed in the countless statues and monumental works of literature which have been

dedicated to them by every age and generation of America's hero-loving children. May the works and accomplishments of these two guardians of American freedom forever cast their inspiring example over the nation which they strove so unselfishly to preserve.

The mid-year examinations have passed into oblivion, so it would seem, and any ill-effects resultant from the burning of the midnight oil or the hurried fifteen-minute review prior to each exam have apparently passed along with them. And where are all of the good intentions relative to the more diligent employment of one's time which are usually made when the results of the quarterly exams have been posted? The answer is always the same. Still there are always some who cannot understand why they were seemingly "robbed" of two reading periods each week by the teasing grade of 84, when the professor might just as well have made it 85. An interesting experiment that will bring the 85, and one which proves most beneficial during that hectic period immediately preceding the exams, is to keep an up-to-date account of all those difficulties and peculiarities of syntax, or whatever it may be, that are threshed out each day in the classroom.



One of our most interesting exchanges is the COLLEGE JOURNAL from St. Vincent's College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania. If we were to take seriously the little preface before "Tug O' War," we would

heartily congratulate the editor for his prowess in obtaining that excellent story of Gerard J. Spencer's. As it is, though, we are sincere in the remark that we did appreciate Mr. Spencer's amusing "Dabbling in Psychoanalysis." May we hope to see more stories by this author, and that soon. Hugh McNeill's grim sketch of John Latham has a pithy plot—an example of bitter realism. It is better than his "Life" which was in the December issue of the COLLEGE JOURNAL. "Sans Culottes" is a true bit of literary humor. We are asking to join the "literary admiration society" of Thomas J. Terrance, and that because of the unusual twist in "No Vacancies." We enjoyed the Departmental Notes, for there is pep and personality in every line. It is known that few exchanges present such pleasing locals as does the COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The CHRONICLE from Wright High School, New Orleans, Louisiana, can well be proud of the literary section it possesses. The stories are all well written and "different" in as far as certain stories can be "different." Altogether the CHRONICLE is an enjoyable school magazine, but unfortunately it has an unpleasant defect. That is the entire Lemon-aid department, which bespeaks of too much gushing sentimentality. Hectic love affairs and advice to the lovelorn do not constitute material for an otherwise very good high school publication. Why not devote those eight pages to your short, but very fine literary section?—and the CHRONICLE would be decidedly improved.

From St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois, comes the GLEANER—a magazine notable for one particularly prominent department, the Exchange. We do not hesitate to say that this excellent exchange department is the best yet that we have found in college

publications. The two editors in charge of it are truly deserving of real laudation, and not only a little either. The comments and criticism as therein exemplified are of that constructive type which we aim to obtain but fail to reach. The thoroughness of the work expended on each exchange reviewed, the apparent carefulness in preparation, the clear forceful style, and the noticeable contact of the exchange editors with their readers speaks well of Messrs. Glennon and O'Donnell. Success to them! The verse in the fields of the GLEANER is somewhat commonplace. "Jewelry," "Grecchio," and "Carol" offer but slight thought, though there is possible interpretation of thought. "A Dream"—a word that can convey a multitude of fanciful ideas—might well display more vigor. These productions, however, have merit even if they are a bit lifeless. Your editorial on New Year's resolution is well taken. "Full Many A Gem" is the bright spot of your publication full of clever wit.

E. L. B.

"L'Eucarestia pegno di resurrezione" scritto dal Signore Ch. Longano Giovanni, C. PP. S., era eccellente. Mi piace specie come lui esprima i sue idee. Spero che vedo di piu del suo scritto pubblicato nel BOLLETINO dell Istituto del Prezioso Sangue, Rome Italy.

N. L. '34

Acknowledging: LOOK-AHEAD; WAG; CENTRIC; GLEANER; CHRONICLE; ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE JOURNAL; AURORA; BAY LEAF; SHADOWS; COSMOS; PHOENIX; ST. MARY'S COLLEGIAN; DOVE; ECHO; and V. A. LIFE.

Charity is the only lubricant that keeps the axle of the world from creaking.

—Austin O'Malley.

ARVA PIORUM

Sweet happy days are dawning;
Ah, then what odors will arise
From perfumed robes of morning
And flourish through the skies.

From fields and greenening meadows,
Faint sounds, more than one might surmise,
Will rise in ready answer
At wink of welkin's eyes.

Shy flowers will 'gin peeping;
And birds in hopeful lilting cries
Will both salute the sunrise
When morning gilds the skies.

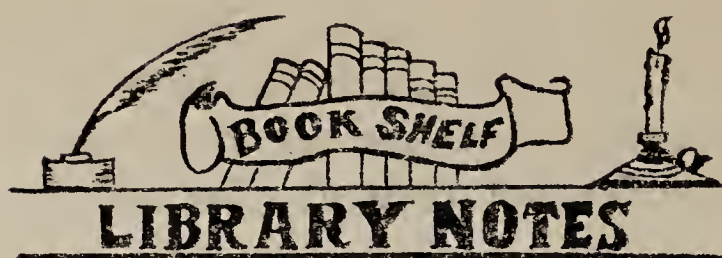
Each heart will then be happy;
Each voice will utter notes of praise,
As both will welcome spring-time
With soothing, tuneful lays.

R. Boker '31

OUR COUNTRY'S FATHER

A land of pain that groans beneath the yoke
Is calling one who sleeps, yet, knows its needs;
A multitude of grieving hearts are broke,
While he in peace observes those mournful deeds.
The savage bonds and fetters, cast for base
And lowly knaves of mean and vile degree,
Are binding souls that never knew disgrace,
Yet, not a hand is moved to set them free.
O father! still a father be to lead
Through crises bearing gravely on your kin,
Who dwell beneath the stars and stripes you freed,
And now for them another vict'ry win.
Arise and aid your feebly failing race
To conquer evils that its homes disgrace.

L. C. Storch '32



AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

THE RESURRECTION OF ROME, by Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Once more the discursive pen of G. K. C. has alighted upon a subject which is altogether as labyrinthine as his mind and as paradoxical as his style. "I know," Mr. Chesterton humbly admits, "it will be the general opinion of this book that I cannot talk about anything without talking about everything." True. He talks about very many things—Rome (the general theme) and her "resurrections;" about history, art, philosophy and religion, each given in a kind of compendious form—but, it is a risk that he must accept, because it is a method that he defends. As the true knight of the Faith that he is, and without the least fear, he approaches such interesting, yet delicate subjects as the Renaissance, the Iconoclasts, the Papal State, Mussolini, "the dictator who enthroned the Pope;" and the achievements of Fascism. He unearths old prejudices, lies and errors, strikes them on the head with one mortal blow and leaves them to die. G. K. is, of course, the master-paradoxicer, as well as a masterful epigrammatist. Here is an epigram in the Chestertonian manner which is in a way invaluable: "It is the root of all religion that a man knows that he is nothing in order to thank God that he is something." Anyone who can understand half of what is in "The Resurrection of Rome" and appreciate it, can consider himself an

educated and cultured individual. Chesterton's mirthful gifts, his fine, stimulating wit, and his clear, sane reasoning, abound in this "story" of the moral and intellectual triumphs of Rome.

WHY ROME, by Selden Peabody Delany.

Disillusioned and disheartened with the contradictions and inadequacy of Anglo-Catholicism (that Bridge to Rome!), and convinced that the Petrine tradition was carried on by the Bishops of Rome only, Dr. Delany, rector of St. Mary's the Virgin in New York, renounced the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and followed humbly as a pilgrim in search of God, the voice of Grace. On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, 1930, he was received into the Catholic Church by Msgr. McMahon of Our Lady of Lourdes' Church. In "Why Rome," his "apologia pro vita sua," he tells, with sincerity and exquisite simplicity, why Anglicanism was for him untenable; why he despaired of uniting Anglo-Catholicism to the Catholic Church; why he gave up his former religious beliefs—why he ceded his allegiance to Rome. Everyone "devours" with extreme delight and omnivorously books of adventure and high romance, or the biographies of great personages, but what is more soul-stirring than the narrative of a man in his quest for God? In this objective account of his conversion, Dr. Delany reveals his own concessions to logic and history, to the call of the Light—all of which go for informative discussions. If, as Delany says, "there is nothing funnier than a man who is trying to escape from God," then there is nothing more pleasing and enticing than the tale of a soul yielding to its Maker and going Romewards.

CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET, by Ronald Knox.

During the past months many comments have

been made on the peculiarly repulsive feature which has suddenly become prevalent in secular magazines and newspapers (particularly in "The Forum"): the symposium on the the state of "Modern Religion." These discussions of religion are, of course, frequently superficial and hastily written. As such they cheapen the magazine and often blaspheme God. In the work under review, Father Knox selects a number of godless critics of religion as H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West, John Drinkwater, Dean Inge, Conan Doyle, and others, and defeats them at their own game. With his deadly logic and pungent satire, he "takes them for a ride." Chesterton puts it very well: "Father Knox has no difficulty in cutting up with clean logic the intuitionist rhetoric of the professional novelists. What pleases me much more is that he is quite logical when he cuts up the logic of the professional logicians." By profuse quoting and re quoting from these irreligious symposiasts, he shows that not only are they far from knowing what they are writing about, but that they often contradict themselves in the same paragraph. When Arnold Bennett, a deservedly admired novelist, sternly denies his belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the very next breath states: "On the balance of probabilities, I am inclined to accept the theory of future life," Father Knox ironically excuses him with, "these slips of the mind will occur when one is writing in a hurry." And so they fall under the sword of this new champion of Catholicism, who defends Thermopylae single-handed against an army of pagans and semi-believers. He calls upon the would be critics of Christianity to recite their "credos," only to dismiss them, after they have mumbled a few weak words, with a grade zero and a gentle smile for their silliness.

THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT, by Christopher Hollis.

Christopher Hollis is a zealous admirer and imitator of Hilaire Belloc, and a new member of the Chesterton-Belloc school. For the past twenty-five years or more this brilliant group of Catholic writers has been taking the offensive against the Church's foes. With a blare of warning from the trumpet of Truth, it has gone over the top, armed with the powerful rhetoric and historical insight of Belloc, the acrid satire of Ronald Knox, the paradoxes and overwhelming logic of Chesterton, and has fallen upon atheists, agnostics, and materialists with checking effectiveness. The question which Mr. Hollis answers in "The Monstrous Regiment" is one on which innumerable historians of various caliber have written thousands of pages of biased and partial "facts" and details. The question is, "In what way can one, who holds the Catholic Church to be the Church of God, explain the apostasy of England from Her at the time of Elizabeth?" No one, whether he be Catholic, Protestant or agnostic, can possibly understand England or the modern world if he does not understand the answer to that question." Mr. Hollis solves this problem in a clear-cut, honest, dispassionate tone—he is no historical bloodhound. Here are not the consciously falsified accounts of a Froude, nor the over-enthusiastic, pro-Catholic evidences of a Cobbett: here is "the truth at last!" Every student of the English Reformation and of the tortuous reign of "good Queen Bess" should welcome this admirable treatise. The title is taken from the words of that eccentric individual, John Knox, Scotland's Calvinistic leader; and, as someone has observed, it is the only sensible phrase he ever uttered or wrote.

LIFE'S AN ART, by Franc-Nohain.

Within the fifteen chapters of this little book, Franc-Nohain's readers will find much of their own philosophy and views of life expressed in just the manner in which they so often wanted to express them. Maurice Legrand, or Franc-Nohain, as he calls himself, talks eloquently about the little things of life, those tremendous trifles which can make one saint or sinner! "Life is always choice," he says. "That is why it is an art. To live is to choose, to live happily is to know how to choose, and happiness depends on the nature of our choice." Or again, "The art of living is to strive to beautify our life and that of others, and we shall survive through the memory we have left of such an effort." Some of the charm of the musical French has been lost in translation, but even in English, his smooth, racy style, his capricious twists of expression, and his wise observations as an experienced philosopher of life, invite one away from the rush and distractions of the modern world to enjoy a pleasant hour in contemplation and solitude. The tart recipes for a blissful life and the casual liveliness of this captivating little volume make it a companionable friend.

THE MIRROR OF THE MONTHS, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Slowly and surely Anglo-Catholics are trickling like a thin stream, into the Fold. With the publication, in 1922, of "Joanna Godden," Miss Kaye-Smith (in private life Mrs. Theodore Fry) confirmed her previous recognition as a novelist of merit and secured in addition the title of "The Great Novelist of Sussex." Interest in her has reached even great-

er heights since October, 1929, when she and her husband dropped the hyphen from Anglo-Catholicism and were received into the Catholic Church by the great English Jesuit, Father Martindale. "The Mirror of Months" is the first book she has written as a Catholic. In it she "mirrors" by unique contrasts the world of nature and supernature for each month: nature, in the witchery of the moonlight and stars, the glory of the sun, the black soil and verdurous meadows of the earth; supernature, in the mysteries of God and the Faith, the virtues of the saints and their Queen, the happiness of Heaven, the hope of Purgatory and the hopelessness of Hell. Thus this series of devotional essays can well be used for meditative perusal. That soft fleeciness of diction and stark brilliancy of thought for which she is so well known as a novelist, one finds here in no less degree. Miss Kaye-Smith recalls the work of the great Irish poet, Canon Sheehan.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Having enjoyed unusual success in all of the productions staged during the first session, the Columbians eagerly assembled for their first "post vacation" meeting to elect a new personnel of officers. Mindful of the fact that further progress of the society depends upon keen judgment in the choice of leaders, the Columbians selected only the worthiest to be their representatives. Hence with this staff of officers the C. L. S. may expect to soar higher than ever before in the success of dramatic

achievements. The following have been placed into the executive positions: Leonard Cross, president; Rouleau Joubert, vice-president; Thomas Rieman, secretary; Urban Hoorman, treasurer; Thomas Clayton, critic; John Lefko, Harry Connelly, and John Byrne, executive committee; and Charles Maloney, marshal. The Reverend Moderator, extended his congratulations to the Columbians for their excellent choice of officers, and this brought the meeting to a close.

Even the C. L. S. was interrupted in the course of its regular bi-weekly meetings by the advent of the mid-year examinations, so perforce a special assembly was called. The inauguration of officers was carried out enthusiastically, and amid stories of his own telling each officer stepped into his new office. Mr. Joubert has been called to accept the chair of historian for the Columbian Literary Society for the year 1930-31, in view of the fine quality of his literary achievements.

Due to the near-failure of the local banking establishment, the Columbians expressed misgivings in regard to the society's treasury, but all doubts were dispelled by the report of the Reverend Moderator to the relief of everybody. Another item of interest was the announcement of a literary program to be presented in February as a fitting way to celebrate the birth of the 'father of our country.' George Washington.

NEWMAN CLUB

Keeping in mind their initial success, the Newmans assembled to elect officers for the second term, in order that they might reach an early start in their dramatic presentations. Those to whom the affairs of the Club have been entrusted are: presi-

dent, Urban Wurm; vice-president, Clarence Rastetter; secretary, Raymond Leonard; treasurer, Frederick Krieter; critic, William Egolf; executive committee, Charles Robbins, Michael Vichuras, and Kenneth Hurlow; and Marshal by appointment, Thomas Heilman.

With a new staff of officers giving remarkable promise the Newmanites may well expect to eclipse all former standards set in previous work. The residents of St. Joseph's eagerly await further development in the way of public programs by the Newman Club.


DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In anticipation of a movie, all business was expedited, but, nevertheless, with that exacting thoroughness, which is a characteristic of all of the D. M. U.'s affairs. The meeting, though brief, was marked by much anxiety to postpone all business of unimmediate importance to some further time.

Previous to the main event of the evening, one of the Dwengerites, Alvin Irick, favored the assembly with the "Ave Maria," by way of vocal solo, and also by several other songs. To the accompaniment of an Orthophonic Recording, since this film was made prior to the "talkie epoch," the silver screen reflected "The Pilgrimage to Rome," a five reel film. The subject of the movie was scenes of Rome and Palestine taken during the recent Jubilee Year. As guests of honor the Dwengerites entertained the Venerable Sisters on this occasion in appreciation of the many favors the Sisters have extended in behalf of the Unit.

Under the auspices of the Dwenger Mission Unit, Noah Beilherz, "man of a thousand faces," enter-

tained the students of St. Joseph's College. This program was held for the benefit of the mission fields.



ALUMNI NOTES

Several centuries ago, when men were brutes, but still protected themselves with clanking armor,—it might have been permissible, even laudable, to step from the ordinary rut and be original, but those days have flown. Even in writing one is at a loss, because all the wise combinations of words have already been put into proverbs and maxims. The only way in which a person can be original nowadays is in the manner he does things,—not in what he does.

Some of you may remember an erstwhile famous second tenor of St. Joe, of the class of '30, indifferently called "Bob," "Bobby," "Robert," or by others "Hey you," whose real name is Robert Roster, and who is now at St. Charles Seminary. The story runs thus: Robert decides that he shall somehow receive a pair of shoes;—but how,—yes,—how? The agile brain assists the winsome feet and the expected psychological effect occurs. Santa Claus—this may be a late season to speak of him, but we're not behind time, this is indeed a 'scoop,'—develops a gradual dislike for the continual clinkety-clank of heavy heel plates, so he bestows upon the noisy culprit a pair of rubber heeled shoes. And all lived in peace forever after.

Somehow the mention of Santa Claus reminds one of Christmas cards. If the Alumni continue

their annual flooding of the St. Joe mail trains, there will be need of a new bulletin board in Baker Hall,—a fine old place, Baker Hall—and those cards help considerably to bring about that congenial atmosphere. After consulting the local post-office department, we'd like to inform you that greetings and even letters are welcome not only at Christmas, but whenever you feel the urge to "spout off" to someone what you are doing. Let's hear from you.

If there is one thing of which St. Joe can boast, it is her course in dramatics, just to show you how well our graduate actors are getting along—here's a little news. Over at St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the dramatic talent is grouped behind the banner of the Gregorian Literary Society, some time ago was staged a two part minstrel, starring several of 'our boys'. Rumor has it that the entire officialdom of the above-mentioned organization is made up of former St. Joe boys. That's great,—more power to you!

At St. Charles Seminary, William Neidert, '27 and Robert Neumeyer, '28, are collecting the laurels for dramatics. Praise for the undeniable success of the play, "Star of Christ, the King," which they sponsored is hereby tendered them.

Local 'tradition'—meaning word of mouth,—has it that certain of the latest additions to the Philosophical contingent at St. Charles have developed abnormally large waist-lines. A straight worded confirmation of this report would be enlightening and would probably lift a great burden from several worried minds. Beware—Obesity is the mother of abstinence!

Park your optics on this a while. From sunny Kansas, the land of trackless, spreading wheat-fields comes a 'birdie' with a story that sounds like an epic.

Albert Windholz, ex-member of the class of '32, former member of the now extinct local "Bonecrushers" fraternity,—was riding homeward on horseback,—which proves that the West of today is still 'wild and woolly',—when a five-ton truck happened nonchalantly along the winding road. During the ensuing short and silent dispute, the faithful steed suddenly decamped and fell to browsing in the eternal 'Green Pastures' of Bar-None ranch on the other side of the dead-line fence. Friend 'Al' summoned his foot-ball ability and ruined the beauty and symmetry of the scenic landscape by a ten-foot flying tackle, with several sunflowers at the receiving end. You didn't know that Kansas roads are paved with sunflowers? Well—you know now. 'Al,' safely ensconced in flowers, lit his 'Murad' and arose. The truck—oh, it wasn't hurt any, you understand that it hit the horse,—not Windholz. 'Al' is now a school teacher in Gorham, Kansas, with "thirteen bright pupils." Sympathy is still the order of the day. You're welcome, 'Al.'

Did you also hear that St. Joe is one of the best schools in the country? Our Alumni are always in demand. Ambrose Gashler, alias 'Shorty,' a former member of the class of '30, is engaged in imparting knowledge to the younger Kansans. That would make him a school teacher, wouldn't it?

From a Cincinnati correspondent comes the news that James Stapleton, '29, will be in the employ of the U. S. Government during the summer months. We've often wondered just what kind of a life a government attache leads. It must be great to have a part in the government of this fair nation. Maybe 'Jim' will be President some day. His job? Oh, he'll be corn-borer inspector somewhere near Mich-

igan City, Indiana. It is rumored that Charles Baron, '30, 'Chucky' for short, will be 'Jim's' assistant at this important post.

At St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, a former little boy of St. Joe's is growing up. Fred Westendorf, '27, more familiarly known as 'Westy,' is quoted as saying that he'd like to live his life at St. Joe's over again. Maybe you would, 'Westy,' maybe. We appreciate your having said something though, so thank you.

Gregory Gobel, '27, honored St. Joe's with a short visit Sunday evening, January 25th. We always welcome 'Greg' as an old baseball veteran and an all round good fellow. Come again, 'Greg.'

Here's a bit of real news for and from Ohio. At the recent inauguration of Governor White on Monday, January 12th, a St. Joe Alumnus pronounced the invocation. The Rev. Ambrose Schilling, M. A., whose home is in Marietta, Ohio, as is also that of Mr. White, received the gracious invitation. Ohio knows a good man when she sees one.

An interesting letter from Paul Hummel, '25, tells of the doings among the Akron, Ohio Alumni. Shortly before the holidays, the St. Joe boys in and around Akron organized a chapter of the Alumni Association, numbering over thirty members. Very fittingly the chapter has been named "The Albert Krill Chapter of the St. Joseph's College Alumni." This name was chosen in memory of Albert Krill, '25, who departed this life on January 2nd, 1930, as previously chronicled in the Collegian.

On January 15th, at the request of the newly organized chapter, an Anniversary Requiem High Mass was chanted at the College, in memory of Albert Krill, by the Rev. B. J. Condon, C. PP. S.

Here is a fine example set by your Akron pals, Alumni. Why not get together in Chicago, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit and elsewhere? Form live, active chapters of the Alumni Association. It's an idea! Give it a few moments of your thought and agree. Just suppose that you were not Alumni, then what wouldn't you do? Once again, let's hear from you.



AN OPEN LETTER!

St. Joseph's College,
Collegeville, Ind.,
February 13, 1931

Dear Darlingest Parents:

The first month of the year flew by so fast that I didn't find time to write. Yesterday I looked at the year-map and found out that we are in the middle of the second month. Then I made up my mind to write because my birthday comes sometime during the first part of next month.

In my studies I am doing excellent. After all this education is a pretty fine idea. These examinations and everything make time go like an airy plane—one of these things which has two wings. I do not mean an angel or a fairy—but wind machine; this ought to throw some light on the idea. Gosh all hemlock, she sure was cold here one week back. I put on my old red flannels, the ones you got from grandpa, and was as snug as a bug.

This here young feller ain't running any chances of getting amonia. In chemistry this disease is called "annhachfore." This remark is just by the way or P. S., so don't let it cause much bother. I had a good laugh during this cold spell when I remembered the time you got your feet froze, paw! It was in the winter when you had to go looking for the calf that got strayed. What I remembered most was what I got, when I called the calf what you called it.

Pa, I played my first game of basketball last week, and, believe me, that was some game. Well, this is about the way it happened. I was over in the 'Jim' one afternoon, and some guy comes up to me and says: "Come on, get in a suit and play with us." I argued with him for some time because I didn't want to go down and show them what I could do. Waal, I went down, and did I pull the wet straw on 'them fellers?" You see, the idea of the game was to put the ball in the basket. That was easy enough for me because I noticed that there were six baskets on the wall, while the other fellers just kept on fighting about two baskets. Yes siree, pa, your boy ain't so dumb!

A few weeks ago we had examinations. This means the survival of the fittest, but you can always trust me in an emergency like that. In German, I had five mistakes so I got 5. The funniest thing is that the perfessor always asks me questions that I don't know. Besides, I'm awful modest about my learning. I think I forgot to mark two German "i's" and to cross three German "t's." That's why the perfessor took off five. I'll watch closer next examination. Those "C's" in English and Math stand for the Hebrew word "crwkowski." I suppose you don't know much about Hebrew, but anyway that

word means "Above Grading." The professor couldn't find any other word that would fit my paper so he just gave me that Hebrew word as my grade.

That History is the funniest thing ever. We had seventy-five important dates to remember and we got them in the exam. When I was writing I happened to think of one date which the professor forgot to give us, so I put it down, making seventy-six in all. He wanted the dates of important men so I gave him mine.

That 50 in Biology means that I answered fifty questions out of a possible fifty. I was expecting a "C" but I guess the professor never studied Hebrew so I can't blame him. What tickled me was 'them four fives' in Application, Conduct, Discipline and Manners. They mean that I am five times better in any one of 'them subjects' than any ordinary student at school. Now I've got a chance for the blue medal, I told you about. And all the fellers were kidding me and telling me how mischievous I was, but I fooled them all and got high marks.

I 'sorta' hate to get such high marks because all the fellers will start calling me 'Wisdom' or something like that; but that makes no difference with me, I just go ahead and get 'them good grades.'

It's almost time to retire so I will remind you once more that my birthday comes next month. Well, pa as the old turkey said on Thanksgiving morning "I'm done," so I will close with a final farewell, or as the old Romans used to say "Valley."

The same as usual,

Your intelligent son,

Bill Puff.

Note: The above letter has no copyrights reserved. Any student, therefore, who has any diffi-

culty in explaining the outcome of the recent examinations may use this letter without fearing prosecution by law. Watch the next issue! Bill Puff will write again.

Any school boy can describe the appearance of the Little Red School House, but there are comparatively few people who can portray a debate in the Little Red School House with the same amount of rustic humor and exaggeration as did Mr. Noah Beilherz, noted dramatic reader and impersonator. Of the many characters in the debate, perhaps the portrayal of the young College Speaker stood out most prominently. The Ciceronian oration delivered only as a pseudo-Demosthenes could, together with the ill-timed, boardlike gestures, produced not only an uproar of laughter but also reflected a living picture of many an aspirant to the throne of Demosthenes in the local expression classes.

Judging from the applause given after Mr. Beilherz had read "The Irishman's Version of the Discovery of America," one might have guessed that the entire audience was fresh from Erin. While many sons of Ireland did turn out for the occasion, yet all present were in reality not from the 'ould sod.' It is hoped that the members of the first and second English classes paid special attention to the schoolboy's composition on "Necks." Besides revealing such startling facts as—"The convenience of having a neck," and "School teachers have necks, but they can see behind without turning around—"Necks" was a perfect example of how a composition should not be written. It is also hoped that the members of the Collegian Staff derived

benefit from the personal items in the Beanville Bugle.

The height of Mr. Beilherz's dramatic ability showed itself in the vivid description of "The Race" and "Charlie and Billy," a poem written by James Whitcomb Riley.

Such were the outstanding features of the educational and entertaining program given by Mr. Noah Beilherz in the auditorium on January 25.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

The Collegeville Candy Trust, which owns and operates the College Sweet Shoppe at 0000 Main Street, Collegeville, Indiana, has placed its store under new management. It is the custom and policy of the company to change managership at this time of the scholastic year in order to operate on the highest basis of efficiency and service.

On the good reputation established by the former managers, Mark Kelly and Bertrand Shenk, the newly appointed managers, Alvin Jasinski and Virgil Graber, hope to extend to their patrons cheerful and prompt service.

WAR ENDED—PEACE RESTORED (Disjointed Press Service)

Collegeville, Ind., Feb. 1, 1931.—This is the second of a series of articles, published through the courtesy of the Disjointed Press Service, recording the four Collegevillian Wars which in the opinion of many are more horribly terrible than the Wars of Hannibal and Alexander the Great combined.

While a lengthy list of survivors might be published, the names of those only who prepared

themselves exceptionally well for the fray are here revealed:

HONOR ROLL

Sixth Year: T. Rieman 96 1-7; L. Cross and J. Shaw 94 3-7; R. Joubert 93 6-7; J. Spalding 93 4-7; J. Sheeran 93-2-7.

Fifth Year: C. Maloney 96 6-7; R. Nieset 96 5-7; L. Ernst 95; H. Schnurr 94 3-7; U. Iffert 94 2-7.

Fourth Year: M. Vichuras 96; B. Glick 93 5-7; V. Boarman 93 1-3; R. Dery 93 1-7; W. Egolf 91 4-7.

Third Year: W. McKune 98 5-6; T. Buren 98 2-3; W. Conces 96 5-6; A. Horrigan 96 2-3; C. Bowling 96 2-3; J. Allgeier 95 6-7.

Second Year: V. Herman 95 3-5; E. Hession 95 1-5; J. Klinker 95; F. Heydinger 93 3-5; J. Downey 92 4-5.

First Year: C. Gundlach 98 2-5; B. Gensle 95 1-5; L. Arata 95; D. Muldoon 93 2-5; A. Ottenweller 92 4-5.

NEWS ABOUT THE SENIORS

During the picture-taking season ushered in with a bang on February 11, a new word heretofore unknown to philologists was brought to light. The circumstances attending the discovery were surprisingly remarkable.

Senior Sanger was 'poising,' so to say, for a close-up.

"Now," said the photographer, "look here and watch for the birdie." Here something radical took place. Sanger looked directly into the camera, his countenance plainly revealing evidence of his determination to find the bird. Then through some pernicious workings of the Fates, "Chuck" wiggled his "adam's apple" and—Bang! The camera cracked!

At the time of the explosion, Tatar, all spruced

up, happened to be next in line to have his picture taken. Giving way to a wild fit of rage because the machine broke, he shouted to stupefied Sanger: "Oh, you cameraclast!" Thus was coined "Cameraclast," a new word, which up to this time had escaped the notice of all philologists and compilers of dictionaries. Thanks to Sanger and congratulations to Tatar.

Sanger looked for the bird,
But Tatar found the new word.

Fortunately all the other Seniors, 'Tataro excepto,' had their pictures taken before the catastrophe occurred.

KEEP OFF!

"Keep off" needs no explanation; it speaks for itself. Be it understood, therefore, that no big or little boy will be granted pardon for mistaking a Senior. Opera glasses will not be needed to look at the grads from a distance. Watch out for the class hats—Copenhagen blue berets with a gold '31 inscribed on the front of it. Keep off!

IMPORTANT DATES

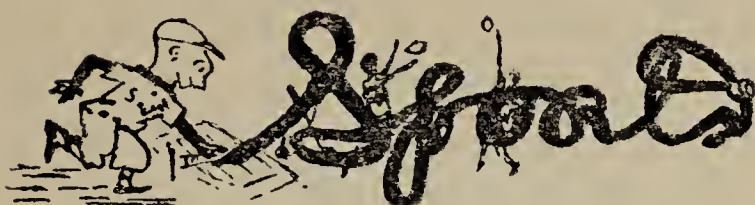
Feb. 1,—Forty Hours Devotion starts.

Feb. 2,—Groundhog Day. Six more weeks of winter because the St. Joe groundhog saw its shadow on this day.

Feb. 3,—Feast of St. Blase. Forty hours Devotion closes. Afternoon spent in shopping.

Feb. 4,—Beginning of second semester.

It is not enough merely to possess virtue, as if it were an art; it should be practiced.—Cicero.



SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	4	1	.800
Fifths -----	3	2	.600
Seconds -----	3	2	.600
Thirds -----	3	3	.500
Fourths -----	0	5	.000

COLLEGE, 15; HIGH SCHOOL, 38

Just before the traditional basketball game between the College and the High School had its inception, the Reverend Father Paluszak, using the tactics of a chautauqua speaker, introduced the Reverend B. Scharf and the Reverend H. Lucks as the referees for this game. And now that we have had the chance to see their ability in that line of work, we are prompted to say that it was good enough to have deserved a formal introduction. In fact it was excellent enough to have merited a bigger audience. Their attitude toward ungentlemanly-like playing was that of a speed cop's toward a college boy who driving recklessly ran over the best cook in the neighborhood, and knocked down the wife of the chief of police.

Now to get back to the game. It was so one-sided that as compared with the refereeing it was only secondary in interest. The first half was characterized by close guarding with the youngsters leading throughout. At the half the score stood, High School, 9; College, 3.

The second half had more disappointment for

the College, for during this period of the game they were completely snowed under by the High School's smooth passing attack, which resulted in points whenever wanted. Though every now and then the College quintet succeeded in whipping the smooth surface of this attack into waves.

When the smoke of the final shot of the gun cleared away, we took inventory and found out that both teams used ten men. However, we did not have to take inventory to learn that the men of the High School department played brilliant basketball, and that the men of the College department played completely off form.

Lineups:—

College	Positions	High School
Cross (3)	F.	Forsee (2)
Koller (3)	F.	Cook (11)
Kienly (2)	C.	Horrigan (4)
Siebeneck	G.	Bubala (C) (2)
Mayer	G.	Scheidler (9)

Substitutions; College—Conroy (2), Zahn (1), Matthieu (3), Sheeran, Gibson (C) (1), High School—Berg (8), Follmar, Hession, Lammers (2), Roth.

SIXTHS, 27; THIRDS, 22

Pivoting around the fast play of Manager Sheeran, the Sixth Year quintet displayed their best teamwork so far this season during the first quarter of their fray with the Thirds. A lightning pass-work and a flashy floor game placed the league pacers head and shoulders above their opponents in this first frame, which ended with the score at 7-5.

After the first spurt, the game slowed up noticeably during the rest of the half with both teams playing on even terms. When the Seniors' "B" team entered the game at the half, the Thirds

took their advantage by netting many shots, almost tying the score. The second and third quarters were in every way on the side of the Thirds with Cook leading a scoring attack with a total of ten points to his credit. The game ended with the score 27-22. Credit is due to Cook of the Thirds for his fine offensive work, and to Sheeran and Matthieu of the Sixths for their exhibition of what good teamwork will accomplish towards turning in a victory.

FOURTHS, 27; SECONDS, 31

Basketball, thrilling and speedy enough to kindle a spark of admiration in the eyes of the fans, attended the inaugural ceremonies which the Seconds held, upon donning their new suits, by defeating the Fourths a second time.

The Fourths still remembering their first defeat by the Seconds, mustered all their vim and shooting skill and entered the contest determined to win. At least the excellent guarding of Bubala and Follmar, and their five-point lead at the end of the first quarter, due to the spectacular shooting of Ritter and M. Vichuras, conveyed that impression. This lead, by the way, did not last long, for the very good reason that the Seconds' Roth-Berg passing combination began to sift through the defence of the Fourths. Hession, Steinhauser, and Schultz also put themselves to work to form a defence which proved too much for the Fourths to penetrate.

With the score 23 to 23 and only one quarter of the game in which to win, the coach of the Seconds sent in Lammers to replace Hession, and it is lucky for the Seconds that he did. Lammers, playing like he never played before made seven points to give his team the victory. The writer

used to wonder why Lammers wrote his name in the plural, but now he knows—he is good enough for two.

FIFTHS, 12; THIRDS, 15

The good Genius of the Thirds, once more made his presence felt, when safely he marched them through the forest of a basketball game to the step of 15-12, although beset by such stellar players as Conroy, Mayer, Siebeneck and Zahn.

This game, from start to finish was harder fought than is indicated by the score. With the lead alternating most of the time, both teams did their best to keep the floor boards hot. If the reader doubts this, let him ask any of the players who received "floor-burns" during this game.

Credit for the Thirds' victory must be given to those players answering to the names of Cook, Forsee, McKune, and Scheidler.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	3	0	1000
Fifths -----	3	0	1000
Thirds -----	2	2	.500
Seconds -----	1	2	.333
Fourth's -----	0	3	.000

SIXTHS, 25; THIRDS, 9

Basketball tactics, amusing enough to make a one-sided game interesting attended the Sixth Ac's triumph over the Thirds in the curtain riser of the Academic League.

Captain Jasinski, star center for the Sixths, besides playing an excellent defence game gave his team-mates good send-offs by out-jumping his man most of the time. Stock, Popham, and Kraff also

are figured in as the main reason for the Sixths' victory. Elder and Naughton played best for the losers.

FOURTHS, 12; SECONDS, 14

Budzin's foul shot started the fireworks and furnished the only bright spot in the rather erratic first quarter of the Fourths-Seconds' game in the Academic League. The quarter ended with the free throw furnishing the only reason to decorate the scoreboard, but during the succeeding periods the fans were treated to quite an exhibition of loosely-played basketball. The players must certainly be given a vote of thanks for putting on a first class entertainment.

Budzin again came through at the end of the game to break a tie score and then to win the game for his team by a spectacular shot from the foul line. Wurm for the Fourths was the pivot man for most of his team's offensive as well as defensive work during the game.

FIFTHS, 39; THIRDS, 13

The Fifth Year Ac team, taking after its big brother, the Senior Team, played brilliantly to defeat the Thirds by a score of 39 to 13.

I. Vichuras and Gollner tickled the net for so many points that if the net were as ticklish as a certain person whom we know, it would have laughed out loud. Wirtz and D. DeMars did full justice to the guard positions as is indicated by the low score of their opponents.

But holy catamounts: how are the fans to keep the Fifth Ac team apart from the Senior team if they continue as they have started.

JUNIOR NOTES

HOLY TERRORS, 23; SENATORS, 7

Playing up to their epithet, the Holy Terrors made the Senators feel as much out of place on the floor as a basketball team would feel occupying the seats in the senate house at Washington. The Holy Terrors beat the Senators, 23 to 7.

Since Schnurr, Miller, and Nasser played like a house on fire, the writer suggests that they change the name of their team from Holy Terrors to "Holy Smokes."

TYROS, 12; SENIORS, 10

The Tyros Junior team, as it is called, would have made very little impression on the Senior-Junior team which it defeated, had it not been for the exceptional height of most of its players. The Tyros are now rated by the Seniors as the highest standing team in the Junior League—in fact, as the highest standing team of any local league, for the very good reason that it can boast of three players more than six feet tall, not to mention the five-footers.

Iffert, Lefko, and Pank performed well for the Tyros, while Abrahamson, R. Bihn, Roswog, and Grothouse showed much persistence in their struggle with the first principles of the game.

MIDGET NOTES

ORIOLES, 20; TIGERS, 19

Ever since the Tigers lost to the Orioles they have been singing a "prisoner's song" of their own which runs something like this: "If we had the wings of the Orioles, out of our cage we would fly." The cage to which they refer is no other than last place in the Midget League. The abilities to jump high

and thus get the tip-off are the wings referred to above, for this factor played a big part in the Orioles' victory over the Tigers.

Leitner and Woodard of the Tigers and Binkley and Richards of the Orioles were the shining lights of this game.

COMETS, 24; NETTERS, 21

Astronomers may string the public but they cannot string the stars and comets. At least the Netters, while acting in full capacity of astronomers, failed to string the stars of the Comet midget team into accepting defeat.

Again Rinderly, Bieler, and Bresnan were the outstanding players of the Comets, while Welch and Wight were the high-powered men of the Netters, Welch making 13 points.

SPEEDY FIVE, 32; ORIOLES, 16

The Orioles were just beginning to enjoy flying in an atmosphere of victory which they created by defeating the Tigers, when along came the "Speedy Five" team. The latter team traveled with so great a velocity as to give rise to a gush of wind strong enough to dispel that atmosphere of victory by clouds of defeat and force the Orioles to the ground.

The high test fuel which the Speedy Fives' vehicle used was made up of Gundlach, Gannon, and Vandagriff.

George Washington, the brave, the wise, the good. Supreme in war, in council, and in peace. Washington, valiant, without ambition; discreet, without fear; confident without presumption.

—Dr. Andrew Lee.

Humor

by
Cephalopod



First Tourist: So you found the Grand Canyon disappointing?

Second Ditto: Yes, I had to look too far down to see the water.

Prof: What is a hypotenuse?

Freshie: I don't know exactly, but I think I saw one at a circus once.

"You're from Kentucky, aren't you?"

"No, that's just an ingrown tonsil."

Jazz: They tell me the King of Denmark leads a dog's life.

Abie: Of course, he's a Great Dane, isn't he?

She (witnessing accident): Oh, oh, somebody is killed!

He: Great Caesar!

She: Oh! I was afraid it was somebody we knew.

Famous last words—Sorg to Pastorek—"Gimme a drag on your pipe."

"What makes this car rock so?"

"It's a Plymouth."

Popham (in Chemistry Lab., trying to put his apparatus together): It's a good thing I'm a religious man.

Prof: Your answer is as clear as mud.

Kelly: Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

Wise: Where do the jelly fish get their jelly?

Guy: From the ocean currents, I guess.

"And how do you like school?" asked the kind old lady.

"Closed" answered the lad who couldn't be bothered.

Latin Prof: Begin the translation, Matthieu.

Zukie: I can't.

Prof: Haven't you prepared it?

Zukie: Yes, but I haven't my own book.

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLE—

Viands—Something you nibble.

Victuals—Something you eat.

Grub—Something you gobble.

"How's Smith in the high jump? Any good?"

"Naw, he can hardly clear his throat."

Assistant: The seance is going pretty good.

Medium: Yes, just a shade more and it'll be a success.

"What do you charge for a ticket to Podunk?"

"We don't charge anything. You pay cash or walk."

Cannibal: "What are you thinking of?"

His wife: "Whom we'll have for dinner tomorrow"

Little Boy (sight-seeing in Washington): Hey, poppa, when are we goin' to see the red tape, huh, poppa?

"I'm a father!" cried young Jones as he burst into the office.

"So's your old man," replied the boss. "Get to work."

"This is just the place for me,"
Said the humorist at the shore,
"For here whene'er I crack a joke
The breakers simply roar."

Inebriate: Ish thish a meat market?

Owner: Yes.

Inebriate: Then meet m'wife at four o'clock for me, will yuh?

Gray: How did you list the money that fortune-teller got from you?

Green: I entered it under the head of "Prophet and Lost."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Worn-out mattresses make an inferior grade of pie crust.

Live pole-cats are not often worn around the neck.

Decapitation frequently causes death.

It is an unusual custom to sleep with a hyena.

Few dentists advocate the chewing of flatirons as a dental aid.

Nine out of ten people will probably see nothing to laugh at in the preceding pages.

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